The Monster Inside You

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The Monster Inside You

by hartfeathers

Summary

Of all the beings he has encountered in his life Hannibal is different, his aura is stronger and more powerful, almost ancient. Whatever he is, his kind is old and dangerous. And despite his words to the contrary, Will finds him very interesting.

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Prompt - Supernatural Horror AU

Notes

Hannibal Bingo Fill: Prompt - Supernatural Horror AU

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Title inspired by this line in 2.09 Shiizakana - "Must I denounce myself as a monster while you still refuse to see the one growing inside you?"

See the end of the work for more notes
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As soon as the unknown man enters Jack's office Will can sense him, his aura fills the room like smoke - heady, powerful and almost seductive. Will can almost taste the magic in the air, it thrums with dark, sensual energy and he is aching to see the person who owns such an aura.

The man himself is beautiful - sharp cheekbones, ashen blonde hair, soft pink lips and intelligent amber whiskey eyes that Will avoids as much as possible because he knows this creature will try to pry and he doesn't know if he can resist them. They are intoxicating. He doesn't know what this man is but he knows he isn't human, this sort of raw, primal power is animalistic in nature - this man is really a monster.

Will is wary when he shows up at his motel room door early in the morning, suspicious that Hannibal may have caught his scent. Will cloaks his magic meticulously, hiding his aura and power so he can remain undetected by other witches and creatures that may seek him out if they could smell him. His father taught him about the creatures that live in their world - vampires, werewolves, concubi, demons, dragons and so many other monsters that lurk in the dark - and he knows Hannibal is one of them, he just isn't sure yet which creature. Of all the beings he has encountered in his life Hannibal is different, his aura is stronger and more powerful, almost ancient. Whatever he is, his kind is old and dangerous. And despite his words to the contrary, Will finds him very interesting.

Will gazes down at the body of Marissa Schurr, her lungs missing and mounted on the head of a stag, and immediately sees everything he needs to know. Not just about the Shrike, who now feels entirely insignificant, but about Hannibal as well.

He can still sense him in the air, his empathic magic able to pick up the threads of Hannibal’s aura and connect to them, his ability allowing him to see and experience everything Hannibal did here as clearly as if it were by Will's own hands. His magic enables him to connect to Hannibal's mind, to visualise his thinking and motivation, to see and understand him. It is a revelation.

Once he is alone in his motel room Will allows himself to process everything for he just learned. He is slightly sweaty and shaking, the physical toll of his magic, as his mind races and heart pounds.

A wendigo.

Hannibal is a wendigo. Of all the creatures Will knows of, the wendigo is the rarest and most mysterious. They are unique and dangerous, powerful and particularly adept at blending in with humans - the wolves walking among the sheep.

Will tips his head back and moans as his body thrums with arousal, lust coursing through his veins. He feels drunk on Hannibal's magic, the taste of his mind and the knowledge of what he is, the image of Hannibal covered in blood and devouring the flesh of his victim is exhilarating. Will can't help but stroke himself to the imagined sight of Hannibal, panting and bloodsoaked, triumphant in the hunt. He pictures Hannibal towering over him, a clawed hand

reaching for him but not to harm, oh Hannibal will definitely tear him apart but in the best way possible.

Will arches his back as he orgasms with a loud moan, the phantom sensation of claws marking his skin and teeth at his throat making him tingle.

As Will sits across from Hannibal in his office he can sense the other man's interest, his intrigue in Will and how his mind works. Will knows Hannibal is curious about him and he is going to use that. Will is a good fisherman and this is one fish he desperately wants to catch.

As Hannibal witnesses the physical manifestation of the toll of Will's magic he becomes even more fascinated and Will isn't above using that to his advantage. Will begins to use his empathic gift more often and uses his magic to emphasise and slowly worsen his physical symptoms. It's draining but worth it to see himself become Hannibal’s sole focus, to feel those whiskey eyes and powerful aura focused completely on him.

It's a game of cat and mouse in which the mouse thinks it is the cat, Will finds secret amusement in hunting the hunter. Each moment in Hannibal’s presence deepens Will's fascination. Witnessing Hannibal's manipulations is absolutely delightful, how he tries to alienate Will from everyone else so that he only has Hannibal. Will is utterly besotted with this monster.

Everything comes to a head when Will magically feigns a seizure in Hannibal’s office, he wants to see what the man will do now he has the reaction he wants. Will watches him intently, the distraction of the flashing light fades away as Hannibal moves closer. That's when Will sees it, a needle in Hannibal’s hand. Oh, what a gorgeous, terrible thing he is, he plans to drug him. And while Will is a little curious what exactly the drug is and what it would do, this is the end of their game.

Before the needle can touch his skin Will's hand strikes out, grasping Hannibal’s wrist and halting his movement. He holds tight as Hannibal reflexively tries to escape his grip, his eyes hardening when he finds himself trapped in Will's grasp.

Will allows a satisfied smirk to grace his lips as his spell breaks, no longer shaking or sweating, the fevered sheen lifting from his eyes. "What a fascinating creature you are." His words are soft and he does nothing to hide his pleased adoration of the man before him.

He can see Hannibal scrambling to put the pieces together, to see what he has missed, reeling and grasping for a mooring now that control of the situation has been torn from his hands.

Will decides to get to the point quickly, he knows Hannibal may lash out and while it would be magnificent to witness he'd rather not be on the receiving end of his wrath. "I know what you are." Hannibal stills completely, ever more dangerous in his silence. "I've known since you gifted me Marissa Schurr."

Hannibal tries to pull his mask back into place, "And what is it that you think you know, Will?"

Will smirks and leans forward so that his lips graze Hannibal’s ear, "Wendigo."

Hannibal rears back, surprise and suspicion clear on his face. Will lets go of his arm and allows him to retreat knowing that keeping him captive would only heighten the risk of a fight. Hannibal says nothing, which Will expected, neither confirming nor denying his words. He is a careful creature.

Will smiles gently, "I'm a witch. I sensed you the very first time we met in Jack's office but I only realised what you are when I saw the gift you sent me."

He sees the understanding settle in Hannibal’s mind, clearly he has met witches before and now he knows exactly what kind of threat Will is he can relax a little. The devil you know is better than the one you don't.

Will can sense Hannibal’s annoyance at having been manipulated, of being played, but he's also enamoured. That someone has been able to manipulate him demands his respect and Will can feel the tendrils of lust.

He decides to lift his cloaking, to allow Hannibal to sense his magic and his power. He wants Hannibal to see and understand him. As his walls fall away his magic flows into the room like water, rolling into Hannibal’s and twisting around each other, their auras mingling in the air between them. He grins as Hannibal inhales sharply, he licks his lips as he tastes Will's magic and Will shifts in the chair, feeling his cock harden in his trousers. The tension and arousal in the room is beginning to affect him.

Hannibal is silent for another moment before he tilts his head and asks, "Did you cast a spell on me?"

Will doesn't take offense, he knows that the things Hannibal is feeling are completely new to him. He can sense them in the air, so thick he can almost taste them on the back of his tongue, he swallows and allows Hannibal’s aura to wash over him as it fills the room. Now he isn't hiding, Hannibal’s aura is even more delicious. Will can very clearly sense Hannibal’s need to possess him, the desire to covet and consume him, the longing for his companionship - and the confusion of experiencing such emotions towards another being.

"No," Will pauses, letting Hannibal gauge his honesty, "I had no need to. From the first moment we met you were as enamoured with me and I was with you. The moment our eyes connected in Jack Crawford's office our lives began entwining, the threads of our souls reaching for each other and conjoining."

He gives Hannibal a moment to process but they both know Will's words are true. They are drawn to each other almost inexplicably, the desire to be close to each other much stronger than anything they've ever experienced before. The allure of finding someone who can see, understand and accept them completely. They can't deny their connection and they don't want to.

"I want to see you." Will whispers. He knows what he's asking, how vulnerable he is asking Hannibal to be but he wants to see him, to see the real him beneath all the masks and disguises.

Hannibal considers for a moment, he has never shown his true form to anyone since his family died. He wants Will, he aches for Will, and he needs Will to accept his true form - better to know now rather than be rejected later.

Will's breath catches in his throat as Hannibal slowly strips out of his suit, his hungry gaze roams over Hannibal’s body, greedily soaking up the sight of his skin. His fingers twitch with the need to touch Hannibal, to run his fingers through his chest hair, to touch his thickly corded arms and run his hands over his body. Will licks his lips as Hannibal smirks at him, their combined lust sits heavily in the air.

Will feels instinctual fear skitter though his blood as Hannibal transforms. His nails elongate into claws and turn black, the darkness creeps up Hannibal’s arms and spreads over his skin, turning it the colour of ink. His body grows slightly larger and taller - broad, powerful and several inches taller than his human form. Hannibal's canines thicken in his mouth until they look like small feline fangs and antlers emerge from his skull, unfurling from his hair and blooming into a huge rack of obsidian antlers. Hannibal is beautiful.

Will stands and walks towards him, approaching slowly but without hesitation. Any instinctual fear has disappeared and now all he feels is fascination, awe and lust. He raises one hand and pauses until Hannibal nods, he places his hand over Hannibal’s heart and can feel it thumping steadily beneath his palm, his breath stutters as he runs his hand over Hannibal’s chest. He almost expected his skin to be rough and cool to the touch but it's soft and warm, like buttery leather. He strokes Hannibal's neck and over his jawline, he gently presses his thumb to one of Hannibal’s fangs making a light breathy whimper when Hannibal opens his mouth and licks his skin.

He ghosts his fingers over a sharp cheekbone and up into soft hair. Will reaches up to gently trace his fingers along the tines of Hannibal’s antlers, he smiles, his voice soft and affectionate, "What a beautiful nightmare you are."

Will is absolutely smitten as Hannibal leans into his touch, nuzzling against the crook of his elbow. Will tilts his head as he hears something and then feels his heart flutter, oh what a sweet creature, Hannibal is purring. The rumbling sound gently fills the space between them, Will can almost feel it against the skin of his forearm. He spreads one hand over Hannibal’s chest so he can feel the vibration of the loud purr beneath his palm. Suddenly it stops. Will looks at Hannibal who is now avoiding his gaze, burying his face into Will's arm. Will feels his chest squeeze with adoration at this adorable, embarrassed monster who is trying to hide after being caught purring. Hannibal’s reaction tells Will that this is the first time Hannibal has purred for someone in a very long time, maybe ever.

Will coos at him soothingly, "Oh, cher, thank you for purring for me." He knows that while the purr is subconscious it only occurs with someone a wendigo trusts, someone they consider family or a mate. It is an honour to have a wendigo purr for you.

He presses soft kisses to Hannibal's face, grazing his lips over those sharp cheekbones and regal forehead, smiling faintly as Hannibal’s soft hair tickles his lips. After a few moments Hannibal starts quietly purring again, he trails his nose up Will's arm to bury his face into his neck. Hannibal takes a deep breath and flicks his tongue against Will's skin, purring louder at the taste.

Will hums at the feeling of Hannibal’s hot tongue licking his neck, it stokes the flames of his lust once more. He hears Hannibal’s nostrils flare as he no doubt scents Will's arousal in the air. He moans as Hannibal lightly bites the base of his neck where it meets his shoulder, a shiver runs down his spine when Hannibal’s purr turns into a low growl.

Will presses his body to Hannibal's, revelling in the heat of his larger body, loving the feeling of being small beside the height and bulk of Hannibal’s true form. It's thrilling to have the attention of a creature this powerful and strong, to know he can bend them to his will, to have all that raw energy pliant beneath his hand and magic. Will wants him. Now.

He wraps one hand around the base of Hannibal’s antler and gently but firmly pulls Hannibal’s head down, placing his lips to his ear, "I want you to fuck me."

He smirks at the loud, feral growl Hannibal makes, the slight pinch of claws digging into his skin through his clothes where Hannibal hands hold him.

"Will, yes." The words are breathless and rough, Hannibal’s own desire evident in his voice.

Will tightens his grip on Hannibal in confusion when he shifts to separate them, "What are you doing?" He asks, his tone hard and demanding, he isn't going to let this gorgeous creature escape his grasp.

"I'm going to transform, dear Will, I don't want to hurt you." He pauses for a moment before continuing. "I don't have as much control in this form, I don't trust myself. I don't know how I will react, I've never had sex in this form."

Will growls at him and yanks on Hannibal's antler, forcing Hannibal to bow his head below Will's. Will looks Hannibal directly in the eye as he speaks, "I don't want to hear about what you have done with others." He feels Hannibal shiver beneath the harsh, possessive weight of his words. "I want you like this, pure and primal. I want you in your true form. I like the monster and if you lose control I can make you stop."

"Will…"

"Hannibal. I am not weak, I can *make* you calm. I can *make* you stop if I need to. All you need to do is trust me. Do you trust me, Hannibal?" Will knows he's asking a lot, especially when up until today Will has been hiding from Hannibal, testing and manipulating him. He eases his hold on Hannibal, allowing him to stand tall once more, but he doesn't let go.

He tries to read Hannibal in the silence, sensing his deliberation but he knows that Hannibal can't deny the allure of taking Will while in his truest form. Of claiming him as the monster first, then as the man later. He knows Hannibal desperately wants Will to see all of him, to understand him and accept him completely for all he is. And Will does. He has seen this man, this monster, and wants him just as he is.

Will says nothing as he allows Hannibal to look at him. He knows he is using his skills as a psychiatrist, as well as his senses and instincts as a monster to gauge Will's honesty, to read Will's intentions and desires - just as Will uses his magic to read Hannibal. Reciprocity.

Finally, after what seems like an age to Will's desperate body, Hannibal smiles, his fangs glistening, "Yes, Will."

Will smiles in return and leans up to nudge his nose against Hannibal’s, unable to contain a beaming grin as Hannibal begins purring once more as they rub noses. Will, curious and fascinated, flicks out his tongue against Hannibal’s canines. He licks the sharp fangs, whining quietly in the back of his throat. Hannibal could tear him apart at a moment's notice, rip into his flesh and devour him, but he doesn't and he won't. This apex predator won't use his teeth to destroy but to worship and Will can't wait to be at his mercy, to have those teeth at his throat once more. Will isn't ashamed to admit he likes danger, he likes the thrill of teeth on his neck and the sting of pain bleeding into his pleasure.

He brushes his lips against Hannibal’s, a teasing hint of a kiss but pulls away with a smirk when Hannibal tries to capture his mouth. His blood races at the sound of Hannibal’s deep, throaty, frustrated growl, tightening his grip on Will so that he cannot escape - not that Will plans on it. He delicately takes Hannibal’s bottom lip between his teeth, merely holding it for a moment as Hannibal breathes harshly in anticipation. Then he bites, not hard enough to make Hannibal bleed but enough to incite the beast.

Will sucks in a shocked breath as Hannibal ducks down and lifts Will off the ground by his waist, he quickly wraps his legs around Hannibal's strong torso as he is propelled backwards. Will lets out a breathless laugh as he is slammed against the ladder behind him, the dull ache of pain lighting up his nerves. His laughter is swallowed by Hannibal’s lips as he takes the kiss he was denied. Will moans into his mouth, their kiss is hot and passionate, demanding and reverent all in one. Will nips Hannibal’s lip again and then licks into his mouth to explore the slick heat, paying special attention to those glorious fangs. Hannibal simply submits to him, giving him control of the kiss, purring in delight at the ravenous attention.

Will feels like his blood is burning with desire, with need and lust for this beautiful, powerful creature pinning him in place like a butterfly. He sucks on Hannibal's tongue and claws at his shoulders, shuddering as Hannibal’s growl echoes into his mouth, claws begin tearing at his clothes, neither of them caring about the now ruined garments. Shreds of clothing cling to him, remains of his shirt hang from his shoulders and remnants of his trousers cling to his now bare thighs, but the state of his clothes is the last thing on Will's mind as they are finally touching skin-to-skin, arching into the heat of Hannibal’s naked body.

Will leans his head back and sighs as Hannibal trails kisses down his throat, he caresses his soft hair and holds his head close as he basks in the attention. He strokes a hand down Hannibal's chest and belly, moaning loudly as he takes Hannibal’s cock in his hand. He can feel the obvious large size of it in his hand, hot and heavy, and very slick. Will glances down to see Hannibal’s cock positively glistening in his hand, his fingers quickly becoming wet with precum, he bites his lip and throws his head back with a low groan. To feel the physical evidence of how turned on Hannibal is, is a thrill like no other.

He bites Hannibal’s earlobe and speaks directly into his ear, "Your cock is so wet for me, cher." Hannibal growls softly and nips at his neck, Will smirks. "You're leaking so much that we won't even need lube." Will whines as Hannibal bites him, growling deeply in the back of his throat, clearly liking the idea of Will using his own precum to prepare himself.

Will diligently collects as much of Hannibal’s copious amounts of precum on his fingers as he can until they are dripping. He then pulls on Hannibal's antler again, reluctantly removing Hannibal from his neck so he can put on a show. He holds Hannibal in place as he reaches between his own thighs, moaning as he fingers himself, the knowledge that he is using Hannibal’s own slick makes his achingly hard cock throb.

Hannibal growls and bares his teeth, strainingly lightly in Will's hold, his desire and need starting to get the best of his control. Will can see how blown his pupils are, how his body trembles with thrumming energy. Will can feel Hannibal’s aura crackling in the air, his own reaching out to soften the sparks, confident he can keep control. He arches his back and moans softly as he pushes three slick fingers into himself, loving the stretch and the zing of pleasure as he rubs his prostate. Given Hannibal’s size he should use four fingers but he wants the slight burn, he wants to ache with it as his body adjusts to accommodate Hannibal’s size. Just thinking about taking Hannibal’s cock makes him tremble, his grip on Hannibal’s antler slackens slightly and that little slip of control is what Hannibal has been waiting for, he lunges.

Will gasps as Hannibal breaks from his hold and presses their bodies tightly together, growling and snarling slightly as he grabs at him. Will quickly removes his fingers so he can grip Hannibal’s shoulders, he tries to get his bearings so he can calm Hannibal but the delicious pleasure pain from Hannibal rubbing against his body makes it hard to think. He moans as Hannibal’s claws dig into his skin, the delicious sting makes his body sing even as he feels blood spill as his skin breaks.

The scent of blood in the air makes Hannibal pause, he draws back only a few inches and brings his hand up between their bodies. Will whines as Hannibal keeps eye contact while he slowly licks Will's blood from his ink black fingers, his eyes softening as he purrs in obvious enjoyment of the taste. As he swallows, Will's blood coating his throat, Hannibal snarls softly and surges forward once more, the taste of Will's blood adding fuel to the fire of his desire. Will throws his head back and whimpers as Hannibal grabs at him almost desperately, the slick heat of his hard cock rubbing against Will's inner thigh and his tongue leaving wet trails on his throat. All semblance of control has been lost to them both.

Will's fingers dig into Hannibal’s shoulders and he tightens his legs around Hannibal waist, insistently pulling their hips closer, desperate for Hannibal cock. Hannibal snarls his frustration against Will's throat as his hips thrust aimlessly in animalistic desire. Will breathlessly shushes him as he reaches down to take Hannibal’s cock in hand, moaning when Hannibal bites his shoulder at his touch. He guides Hannibal’s cock until he feels the wet head bump against his hole, he digs his nails into Hannibal’s back and holds a wanton scream behind his teeth as the wendigo thrusts forward, his cock sliding into Will in one long, insistent glide.

Will buries his face in Hannibal’s neck and pants into his skin, Hannibal nuzzles his hair as he makes a sound that is a combination of a purr and growl. Hannibal gently licks Will's jaw as he stays completely still, buried to the hilt, Will trembling as pain tinged pleasure fizzles through his blood. Will can feel the rumble of Hannibal's purr against his chest, he makes a hitching sound in his throat as Hannibal grinds into him and makes a soft trilling sound in his ear. Will grins, his adoration for this creature impossibly deepening as he realises Hannibal is

waiting for Will to adjust, his control returning enough to make sure he doesn't hurt Will more than Will wants to be hurt.

"Good boy." He whispers in Hannibal’s ear, the man purrs at the praise.

He then bites Hannibal’s earlobe and tightens around his cock, laughing in delight at the vicious growl Hannibal emits. His laugh dissolves into a whining moan as Hannibal snaps his hips in a hard thrust, burying his cock deep. Taking Will's moan as the permission it is, Hannibal sets a quick, harsh pace. His powerful thrusts rocking Will against the ladder so hard he knows he will have bruises, the thought just makes Will smile, he wants to be littered with marks of Hannibal’s passion for him.

Hannibal shifts his hips so that his cock glides over Will's prostate with every brutal thrust and Will is lost. His body is alive with pleasure, the fissures of pain making it that much sweeter. He clings to Hannibal, at the mercy of his animalistic thrusts, simply allowing himself to give into the ecstasy fizzing in his blood.

A corous of moans, growls, whines and purrs fills the room, primal sounds of bliss echoing off the walls. Will can feel his magic and Hannibal’s aura swelling and rolling together like an ocean, crashing and surging like the tide. He can feel them connecting, merging and conjoining, the sensation of them becoming entwined sends a different pulse of pleasure through their bodies. Their very essences touching and blurring until they can no longer tell where one ends and the other begins.

Will moans as Hannibal's claws dig into his thighs, feeling warm blood dripping from his skin, teeth scrape along his neck and he bares his throat. He clings to Hannibal, one hand wrapped around an antler and the other spreads between his shoulder blades trying to press them impossibly closer. He can feel the knot of pleasure tighten in his gut, he lets out a keening whine as Hannibal’s thrusts turn sharp and feral, chasing his own pleasure as he snarls against Will's skin.

As their orgasms build so does the energy crackling between them, magic thick in the air around them. But Will barely registers the ozone taste of it, his mind clouded with pleasure, his control left in tatters beneath Hannibal’s hands - they have completely surrendered to each other.

Will moans as he feels his orgasm crest, tides of pleasure washing over him as he spills cum over Hannibal’s stomach. Hannibal thrusts once more, burying himself as deep as possible before growling deeply, Will feels Hannibal’s cum flood him and whines as he's filled. As their pleasure crests the magic between the snaps. Will gasps and his hold on Hannibal tightens, he presses his hand harder to his back, the other man makes a sound that can only be described as a howl then bites down hard on the space where Will's neck meets his shoulder.

Will can feel searing heat beneath his palm against Hannibal’s skin and he feels his skin break under Hannibal’s fangs, blood spilling down his chest. It's all secondary to the overwhelming pleasure that continues to coarse through them, whatever just happened not only prolongs their orgasms but intensifies them - both of them clouded with ecstasy.

Will pants harshly, staring blankly at the ceiling as he tries to catch his breath and reorientate himself as the pleasure in his veins finally starts to ebb. He has never in his life experienced anything close to what just happened between himself and Hannibal. He pets Hannibal's hair absently, the man's teeth are still buried in Will's neck and he's making small growling noises in the back of his throat.

As his heart begins to slow he strokes over Hannibal's back, pausing and frowning as he feels a change in texture, something that wasn't there before. He trails his fingers over the space between Hannibal's shoulder blades and realises it is scar tissue, his eyes widen as he maps it out and it clicks that the shape is a handprint.

Oh, fuck.

It's now that Will remembers the magic in the air and it dawns on him what has happened. He is in shock. It is almost unheard of for this to happen spontaneously. It usually takes intention and months of preparation in the form of deepening a relationship and open communication. It only ever happens organically when two beings have an extraordinary connection and compatibility. Will never imagined it would happen to him.

He winces slightly as Hannibal finally releases his neck, it aches and stings but Will feels an undeniable satisfaction in knowing it will scar. He will be left with a bite mark that professes Hannibal's claim on him, just as he has left his claim on Hannibal, albeit unintentionally.

He hums as Hannibal gently cleans the blood from his skin, diligently licking up the mess, purring softly. He smiles when Hannibal finally raises his head, blood smearing the corner of his mouth. Will kisses him sweetly, tasting copper on his tongue, as he pulls back he licks his own blood from Hannibal's lips, cleaning him in return.

"Can you feel it, Will?" Hannibal's voice is hoarse and his tone is cautious, which Will understands and he wants to put any doubts to rest.

"Yes, I can." He smiles brightly and cups Hannibal's cheek in his hand. "It's extremely rare."

Hannibal returns his smile, "I know. I never thought I would take this step but I do not regret it."

"Me neither. I have felt connected to you from the first moment we met, I want to spend my life with you, Hannibal."

"As do I, dear Will."

Will can't help but feel a giddy thrill of happiness. A soul bond. A magical thread tying his soul to Hannibal's, connecting their lives in a permenant and profound way, neither of them would survive separatation. But separation is the furthest thing from Will's mind.

Will clenches around Hannibal's softening cock, cooing when Hannibal whines with overstimulation.

"Cruel thing." Hannibal growls softly.

Will simply smirks, "*Your* cruel thing."

Hannibal holds him tighter and nuzzles his neck, gently licking the still sore bite mark, "Mine." he purrs.

Will smiles, happier than he has ever been, and spreads his hand to sit over the burn scar of his handprint between Hannibal’s shoulders. "Mine."

End Notes

Lisa, thank you so much for your feedback on this fic and inspiring the soul bonding idea, I love your enthusiasm and your input is always appreciated. You are amazing and I love you.

I used 'concubi' as a neutral term for 'incubi' and 'succubi' because I recently learned that, translated from Latin, incubus means 'to lay upon', succubus means 'to lay beneath' and concubus means 'to lay with'.
As they are demons and can shapeshift they are technically genderfluid, their appearance changes to fit their victim.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!